

The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors.

A. H. SANBORN, Editors.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1762, and is now in its two hundred and fifty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in America, and is the oldest newspaper still in existence. The paper is edited in the English language. It has a large front page of forty-eight columns filled with interesting, popular, alluring, state, and general news, well selected, interesting, and valuable features, and provides a large amount of advertising, and a large amount of other news, the front page being given to advertising, which is valuable to local business.

Printed every day. In addition, there is a weekly newspaper, *Mercury Extra*, always in advance of the other publication, and the *Mercury* may be read in the city.

Extra copies sent free, and special

price given to advertising by telegraphing the publisher.



CHAPLAIN A. C. HILDRETH AND THE CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

The above picture shows the Cadets of Temperance with their Chaplain, the late A. C. Hildreth. Some of these children walked several miles to attend the funeral on October 22.

Local Matters.

Rev. John B. Diman Resigns.

WILL Relie as Headmaster of St. George's School at End of Present Term after Building Up a Splendid Institution.

Rev. John B. Diman, founder and headmaster of St. George's School, has tendered his resignation to the trustees of the school to take effect at the end of the present term.

This announcement comes as a great surprise to the many friends of the school here and elsewhere, although Mr. Diman has had the step under consideration for some time and the resignation was formally accepted by the trustees at the annual meeting on September 16.

Mr. Diman built up St. George's School from the smallest beginning more than twenty years ago until it is today one of the finest private schools in the country, with over 120 students, and with a standing exceeded by none in the country. On the hill in Middletown, overlooking the ocean for many miles, there is a magnificent school plant, comprising many fine brick buildings, which have been increased materially within the past couple of years.

Here the sons of many of the wealthiest and best known families in the United States have been prepared for college or for active business life. Vincent Astor was a student here a few years ago, and the Vanderbilts, Crockers, Anschelzoes, Woods, Browns, and many other leading families are represented on its rolls. At present boys from all parts of the United States and from Europe are enrolled there, the cities of Berlin, Paris and London being represented among the student body.

Mr. Diman has sent out a circular letter to the parents of the boys and the graduates of the school, in which he sets forth the reasons for the important step that he has taken. Two paragraphs from this circular are printed below:

"This step itself and the fact that it occurs just now are due to motives and circumstances which it is the aim of this statement to explain.

"I may say in the first place that this is my twenty-fifth year in active school work, and my twenty-first in my present position. After so long a period of life in a boy's boarding school, and in the midst of its multifarious and exacting duties, it is not strange, perhaps, that one should ask himself the question as to whether he feels that in the succeeding period of years his best work can be done in the same position. The times are chiefly executive and administrative. Besides these, the Head Master must in the next future take up the various connected with a boarding school, the care of the boys, the care of the buildings and grounds, and the care for these interests. In spite of my scruples, when thinking of giving up a large work, I do not feel too anxious to give up, and I am truly undecided as to these needs.

"At present I have to come to the very interesting with subjects of educational character for which I can no longer be qualified for a day or two for some writing, and a few days for more freedom. At the time of the election, any one who knows the busy scenes of a boy's school knows the impossible it is to combine these interests with the duties I have outlined above. The much preoccupation with studies and other interests not connected with school work is wholly incompatible with the duties of a Head Master as I see them myself. I have not decided yet, but my doubts as to what I should do.

At the regular weekly meeting of the bar of attorneys on Thursday evening, a sum of \$3000 came from Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Merton, the alleged inmates of their property by the charge of a Rhode Island street. The case was referred to the city solicitor. The money in the claim of Henry C. Anthony, the widow of Henry C. Anthony, to his wages by the Superior Court, was referred to a Rhode Island. The Rhode Island case was referred to a Rhode Island.

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There is some talk that the Henry C. Anthony building on lower Thames street may be leased for the purpose of establishing a new moving picture theatre there.

The building of apprentices from the training stations did not have their training early in October, that some of the masters might attend the dance of the Long Ben's Republican Club.

Voting Machinery Ready.

Newport Real Estate Active.

All the machinery is now in readiness for the election next Tuesday. It means no small amount of work for City Clerk Fullerton and his staff to get ready for an election, and preparations have been going on for several months. As soon as the registration books closed on June 20th, the new names had to be looked up, naturalization papers examined in the case of foreigners, and the names assigned to the various voting lists where they belonged. The first canvass of the voting lists was in September, and at that time there were hundreds of changes of addresses, new names to be added, names struck off of those dead or removed from the city, and many other changes made. Since then at each subsequent canvass there have been a number of changes, and there are many callers at the City Clerk's office daily to have corrections made. The final canvass of the lists was made on Thursday morning, when a report was received from Tax Collector Higbee of those personal property tax payers who had not paid their taxes. All these names were removed from the lists, although in cases where a man had registered, his name was continued as a registry voter. The lists were then certified and sent to the MERCURY Office for the final printing for the use of the election officers next Tuesday. The time allowed for printing was short this year as the final canvass was held a day later than usual, and it meant a great hustle and much overtime work in this office to get the lists out by Saturday, the time when they are wanted by the political workers to make up their checking books and to finally cull over the list of voters.

In addition to the work on the voting lists, the city clerk has much other matter involving intricate details for the election. This year the noise of the small voting precincts has been removed after several years of use. The representative district lines now correspond with the ward lines, so that there are only five voting districts in the city. However, all the supplies for each district must be prepared and put up, under seal, in advance. The supplies include voting lists, ballot boxes, State and local instruction sheets, report blanks, pencils, and numerous other articles for the use of the election officers and voters. These are distributed to the various polling places early on the morning of the election.

Wednesday was the last day for paying personal property taxes in order to vote at this election. There was a steady stream of taxpayers pouring into the office throughout the day and well into the evening, so that by the time Tax Collector Higbee closed his office there was a smaller number than usual to be reported to the board as unpaid. Mr. Higbee had to remain in his office until a late hour, straightening up his accounts and preparing his report for the board of aldermen which met at 10:00 o'clock Thursday morning. The names that were reported were mostly those of men who have died or removed from the city.

Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has been on active duty on the Mexican border all summer with the New York National Guard, arrived in Newport last Saturday to join his family who have spent the season here.

The Superior Court will meet again in this city on Monday for the purpose of continuing the October session. There is still considerable business to be disposed of, including some cases on the criminal docket.

City Treasurer John M. Taylor has this week paid off and cancelled an issue of \$25,000 in city of Newport bonds that were floated in 1891 for sewer outlet work.

The building of apprentices from the training stations did not have their training early in October, that some of the masters might attend the dance of the Long Ben's Republican Club.

Republican Club Dinner.

The eleventh campaign dinner of the Young Men's Republican Club was held at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, and was in many respects the most successful that the club has ever held. About 300 men were present, filling practically every available seat, and they remained until the last address was finished. The affair was carried out by a large committee, headed by President George B. Austin, and all the details were so carefully planned that they went off without a hitch. The hall looked very attractive, the tables being arranged in four long rows down the hall with a table for guests at the head and with the speaker's table on the raised platform. The American flag was everywhere in evidence, and a pretty feature of the evening followed the address of Governor Beeckman, when a large flag was unfurled at the rear of the hall and illuminated while the other lights in the room were dimmed.

President George B. Austin acted as master of ceremonies and proved to be the right man in the right place. After the menu had been disposed of the cigar lighted, he called the meeting to order and delivered a short address on State and National topics, presenting Governor Beeckman as the first speaker.

The Governor was given a tremendous ovation as he arose, terminating in three rousing cheers. His address was as usual straight to the point and businesslike, and he particularly urged his hearers to support the three bond propositions, carefully explaining the need for each. He was followed by Mr. Guy Norman, who was also enthusiastically received and was frequently applauded during his address.

Other speakers included Col. H. Anthony Dyer, president of the Republican Club of Rhode Island; Professor Courtney Langdon of Brown University, and Judge Oscar Huntley of Birmingham, Alabama. All were strong speakers, and the hall rang with applause at frequent intervals. It was a late hour when the gathering broke up and the diners left the hall thoroughly imbued with good Republican doctrine.

Hallowe'en.

Tuesday, the last day of October, was Hallowe'en and was marked by a number of private parties as well as by the usual pranks which mark that occasion. The police were active in looking out for depredations of a serious nature and several bands of young people were ordered to desist from their activities. In most cases, the celebrations were of an innocent nature and the children managed to have a lot of fun.

The children of Channing Sunday School had a Hallowe'en party in the Channing parlor, in place of the usual midsummer picnic which was omitted this year. The younger children had their fun from 6:00 to 7:00 and then the evening was given over to the older members of the school.

The Men's Club of Trinity Church gave a parish dance in the Guild house on Hallowe'en, which drew a good attendance.

The usual Thanksgiving Day dinner to the news and messenger boys of the city will be given by Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt at Masonic Hall, the affair being in charge of the King's Daughters. Mrs. Vanderbilt expects to be here in person at that time, as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Laurens Van Alen.

Karl Boatell has taken out nomination papers for alderman from the fourth ward. Last year Alderman Ladd was unopposed and he will probably be a candidate again this year.

Republican Rally.

There was an immense crowd at the Laffayette on Monday evening to attend the Republican rally. Practically every seat on the main floor was occupied, with many persons standing along the walls, and many of the seats in the galleries were occupied also. There was a large attendance of children who took as much interest in the speaking as the men. Some excellent addresses were heard, giving the audience food for thought. Seated on the platform, in addition to the speakers, were Senator Clark Burdick, Representatives Frederick B. Coggeshall and Max Levy, Mr. Guy Norman, the nominees for Senator, Alderman William A. Hanley, John J. Peckham, and James McLeish, and Mr. Edward A. Brown. Col. William P. Sheffield presided, making a short address at the opening and presenting the various speakers. Governor Beeckman, the first speaker, was given quite an ovation when called upon, and he then proceeded to deliver one of his calm, logical and business-like addresses which went straight to the point and struck home. He told of what he, as a business man, had tried to do for the State and how far he had succeeded. He spoke of the constructive legislation that had been placed on the statute books, and called attention to the fact that the State is now free of a floating debt and able to meet all its bills, a condition that he said would continue as long as he is Governor. He spoke of the improvement in State highways and showed the need for voting for various bond issues for State improvements.

State Senator Ezra Dixon, the nominee for Congressman from this district, was the next speaker and he made a splendid impression upon many people who had never seen him. He spoke briefly and in an offhand way, calling attention to the need of Newport from the Federal government and promising to do all in his power to look after the vast naval interests here. He claimed to be no talker, but announced his willingness to work unceasingly. He was given hearty applause.

United States Senator LeBaron D. Colt as usual delivered a finished and scholarly address, dwelling particularly upon the need for patriotic Americanism. He said that the country is fortunate in having the services of two energetic and able business men such as Governor Beeckman and Mr. Guy Norman, and then brought down the house by remarking that "We had a Norman invasion and almost had a Norman conquest." He predicted a great future for Mr. Norman.

Mr. Marcus M. Marks, president of the Borough of Manhattan, was the last speaker and gave a very pleasing address. He dwelt particularly upon national affairs, and brought the encouraging news that the election of Mr. Hughes now seems to be assured after a slight slump of a short time ago which lasted until the people could see through the false slogans of the Wilson adherents.

Clark Burdick for Mayor.

In spite of the fact that the national and State election is at present engrossing popular attention, aspirants for honor at the city election are by no means idle. Some nomination papers have already been filed and approved and others have been taken out for signatures. Papers are being circulated for Hon. Clark Burdick for Mayor, and although there has been a good deal of talk about the probability of ex-Mayor Robert S. Burlingame running it is now doubtful if he will be in the field. Mayor Boyle will in all likelihood be a candidate to succeed himself, but as usual he is saying nothing about the matter at present.

The nomination papers for Alderman John J. Peckham from the third ward were filed with the city clerk some time ago, his being the first in the field. Papers are being circulated for Alderman Hanley in the first ward, as well as for other members of the board. As soon as the State election is over, activity in city affairs will begin with a rush as the municipal election comes only one month later.

The Rogers High School football team has been disbanded, probably for the season, this action being necessary because of the fact that many of the players are disqualified by deficiency in their studies. Some of the others are suffering from injuries that have put them out of the game.

The fall session has been held unusually well this year, many causes having contributed toward this result. A number of large houses have been closed within the last few days, but some will remain for a month or more yet, and there are not a few families who keep their New England houses open all winter.

The colored Republicans will have another rally in Comonot Hall on Calleb East street next Monday evening, which will be the final gun of the campaign.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Neighbors' Night at Aquidneck Grange had an attendance of about one hundred and fifty, the largest representation from the County coming from Little Compton and from Portsmouth; all the local Granges were represented but Jamestown. The Lecture hour, following the business, opened with a group of songs by Mrs. Pauline Caswell, and an address of welcome from Mrs. Eliza Clarke Peckham, the oldest charter member. The event of the evening was a "stacking bee" each Grange of the County, except Jamestown, having been represented by three of its best spellers. The words were given out by Mr. Fred P. Walker and Worthy State Master Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown, and Mrs. Helen A. Wilson of Tiverton, acted as judges. The prize of \$3 in money was awarded Nonquit Grange Tiverton through Mr. Alton E. Barker who succeeded in spelling down all the others. The money is to be expended according to the vote of the masters of the local Granges and by others from out of the County. Remarks were made by the masters of the local Granges and by others from out of the County. In conclusion Miss Agnes Murphy gave two readings. A chowder supper was prepared by Mr. Louis H. Manchester. On next Thursday evening, the Lecture hour will be devoted to Progressive whist in charge of Mr. William Truman Peckham and Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ward.

The weekly meeting of the Oliphant Club was held with Mrs. Martha C. Ellis the program having been devoted to "Poems."

The Paradise Club will be entertained on Wednesday next by Mrs. Howard R. Peckham. The afternoon's subject, "John Milton," will be presented by Mrs. Reston S. Peckham.

Mrs. Lizzie Wyatt, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Mrs. Phoebe C. Taber, a member, will be present Tuesday at the fall election at the town hall. In the interests of "No License," as it is understood that an attempt is to be made this year to break the "No License" record which Middletown has so long maintained.

The remodelled Oliphant School house was opened Monday having been unable to commence school at the regular date owing to many unexpected delays in the work. The building now contains two good sized rooms of the same dimensions, 27 by 30, which open into each other by two doors at the side of the centre. On either side of the building, at the east and at the west, are cloakrooms, 12 by 24, that for the girl's being entered from the West Main Road and for the boys, from the side facing Oliphant Road. Modern plumbing and a ventilating plant form a part of the new equipment and there are also new desks in the grammar room, and new slate blackboards. There is a splendid arrangement for light in every part of the building, including the cloakroom. The floor of the latter is concreted and will make a suitable playroom in bad weather. The building will be open all day Saturday for public inspection. The special building Committee, Philip Caswell, Edward E. Peckham, and John Spooner, are still at work on the grounds as they were unable to complete the grading last week. The rooms will each seat 30 pupils, and the classes are so spaced as to permit a readjustment if more of seating capacity should later be required.

Mrs. T. J. Emery closed her cottages, "Marie Mont" and "Sea Croft" on Honeymill Hill this week and has returned to Cincinnati.

Rev. and Mrs. Walter P. Buck have been entertaining this week their son, Mr. Harold Buck and Mrs. Buck, of Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. John H. Peckham entertained the members of the Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church on Wednesday, the afternoon having been devoted to sewing. The next meeting will be held on Wednesday afternoon at the church parlors in conjunction with the November meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. A supper and social will follow.

Mrs. Walter P. Buck, Mrs. Isaac Postley, and Mrs. Ida M. Brown leave Tuesday for New London, Conn., as delegates to the annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society. They expect to return the 10th.

The weekly meeting of the Junior Epworth League, to be held today (Saturday) at the Methodist parsonage, will include Hallowe'en games at the close of the regular program.

The Newport Cacique had a successful drill and inspection at Frost Voigt's "Maplehurst Farm" last Sunday, and attracted considerable attention as they rode through the city on their way out and back. The members of the command are finding considerable difficulty in securing suitable horses, but these will probably be developed later.

Some of the old stables on River Lane are to be removed for the erection of a concrete garage there.

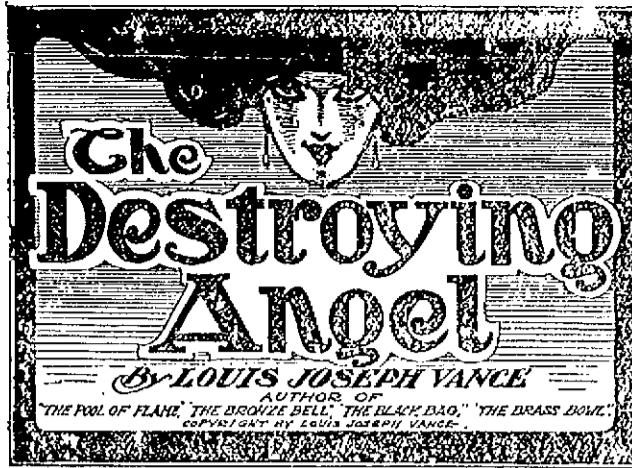
Mr. George A. Patchard of Scarsdale, N. Y., is visiting friends in Newport.

The condition of Dr. Henry B. Luther is reported as considerably improved.

Mrs. R. Hammet Tally continues seriously ill at the Newport Hospital.

Election of Officers.

President, Ruth Davis; Vice President, Charlotte Holt; Secretary and Treasurer, Elizabeth Holt; Chairman of Finance Committee, Phyllis Hazard; Chairman of Organization Committee, Ethel S. Sibley; Chairman of Education Committee, Charlotte Peckham; Chairman of Membership Committee, Madeline Th



CHAPTER XIX.

One Way Out.

Toward eight in the evening, after a day-long search through all his accustomed haunts, Ember ran Whitaker to earth in the dining room of the Primordial. The young man, alone at table, was in the act of topping off an excellent dinner with a still more excellent cordial and a super-excellent cigar.

He wore rough tweeds, and they were damp and baggy; his boots were muddy; his hair was a trifle disorderly. The ensemble made a figure wildly incongruous to the soberly splendid and stately dining hall of the Primordial club, with its sparse patronage of members in evening dress.

Ember, himself as severely beautiful in black and white as the crepuscular livery of today permits man to be, was wonder-struck at sight of Whitaker in such unconventional guise, at such a time, in such a place. With neither invitation nor saturation, he slipped into a chair on the other side of the table, and stared.

Whitaker smiled benignantly upon his hand and called a waiter.

Ember, always abstemious, lifted his hand and smiled a negative smile.

Whitaker dismissed the waiter.

"Well . . . ?" he inquired cheerfully.

"What right have you got to look like that?" Ember demanded.

"The right of every free-born American citizen to make an ass of himself according to the dictates of his conscience. I've been exploring the dark backwards and abyss of the Bronx—

afloat. Got caught in the rain on the way home. Was late getting back, and dropped in here to celebrate."

"I've been looking for you every where, since morning."

"I suspected you would be. That's why I went walking—to be lonesome and thoughtful for once in a way."

Ember stroked his chin with thoughtful fingers.

"You've heard the news, then?"

"In three ways," Whitaker returned, with calm.

"How's that—three ways?"

"Through the newspapers, the billboards, and from the lips of my wife."

Ember opened his eyes wide.

"You've been to see her?"

"She called this morning."

But Ember interrupted, thrusting a ready and generous hand across the table:

"My dear man, I am glad!"

Whitaker took the proffered hand readily and firmly. "Thank you. . . . I was saying: she called this morning to inform me that, though wedded once, we must be strangers now—and evermore!"

"But you—of course, you argued that nonsense out of her head."

"To the contrary—again."

"But—my dear man!—you said you were celebrating; you permitted me to congratulate you just now!"

"The point is," said Whitaker, with a bland and confident grin; "I've succeeded in arguing that nonsense out of my head—not hers—value."

Ember gave a helpless gesture. "I'm afraid this is one of my stupid nights"

"You'll never persuade him—"

"I'll buy the show outright and my wife's freedom to boot—or else Max will begin to accumulate the local color of a hospital ward."

Ember smiled grimly. "You're beginning to convince even me. When, may I ask, do you propose to pull off this sporting proposition?"

"Do you know where Max can be found tonight?"

"At the theater."

"Then the matter will be arranged at the theater between this hour and midnight."

"I doubt if you succeed in getting the ear of the great man before midnight; however, I'm not disposed to quibble about a few hours."

"But why shouldn't I?"

"Because Max is going to be the busiest young person in town tonight. And that is why I've been looking for you. . . . Conforming to his custom, he's been giving an advance glimpse of the production to the critics and a few friends in the form of a final grand dress rehearsal tonight. Again, in conformance with his custom, he has honored me with a bid. I've been chasing you all day to find out if you cared to go—"

"Eight o'clock and a bit after," Whitaker interrupted briskly, consulting his watch. "Here, boy," he yelled a passage page; "call a taxicab for me." And then, rising alertly: "Come along; I've got to hustle home; and make myself look respectable enough for the occasion; but at that, with luck, I fancy we'll be there before the first curtain."

This mood of faith, of self-reliance and assured optimism held unruffled throughout the dash homeward, his hurried change of clothing and the ride to the theater. Noting that Ember, purposely pessimistic, could say or do anything to diminish the high buoyancy of his humor. He maintained a serene faith in his star, a spiky temper that refused to recognize obstacles in the way of his desire.

In the taxicab, en route to the Theater Max, he contrived even to distill a good oven from the driving autumnal downpour itself.

"On such a day as this," he told his doubting friend, "I won her first; on such a day I shall win her anew, finally and for all time!" . . .

From Broadway to Sixth avenue, Forty-sixth street was bright with the yellow glare of the huge sign in front of the Theater Max. But this night, unlike that other night when he had approached the stage of his wife's triumphs, there was no crawling rank of cabs, no eager and curious press of people in the street; but few vehicles disputed their way; otherwise the rain and the burring, rain-coated wayfarers had the thoroughfare to themselves. . . . And even this he chose, to consider a favorable omen: there was not now a public to come between him and his love—only Max and her frightened fancies.

The man at the door recognized Ember with a cheerful nod; Whitaker he did not know.

"Just in time, Mr. Ember; curtain's been up about ten minutes."

CHAPTER XX.

Black Out.

The auditorium was in almost total darkness. A single voice was audible from the stage that confronted it like some tremendous, moonlight canvas in a huge frame of tarnished gold. They stole silently round the orchestra seats to the stage-box—the sunbox that Whitaker had won on the former occasion occupied in company with Max.

They succeeded in taking possession without attracting attention, either from the owners of that scanty scattering of shirt bosoms in the orchestra—the critical fraternity and those intimates blinded by the manager to the first glimpse of his new revelation in stagecraft—or from those occupying the stage.

The latter were but two. Evidently, though the curtain had been up for some minutes, the action of the piece had not yet been permitted to begin to unfold. Whitaker inferred that Max had been dissatisfied with something about the lighting of the scene. The manager was standing in mid-stage, staring up at the borders—a stout and pompos figure, tenacious to every detail of that public self which he had so successfully to make unforgettablely individual; a figure quaintly incongruous in his impeccably morning coat and striped trousers and flat-brimmed silk hat, perched well back on his head, with his malacca stick and lemon-colored gloves and small and excessively glossy patent-leather shoes, posed against the counterpart of a moonlit formal garden.

Aside from him, the only other occupant of the stage was Sara Law. She sat on a stone bench with her profile to the audience, her back to the right of the proscenium arch; so that she could not, without turning, have noticed the entrance of Ember and her husband. A shy, light, deathlessly youthful figure in pale and flowing garments that molded themselves fluidly to her sweet and girlish body, in a posture of pensive meditation; she was nothing less than adorable. Whitaker could not take his eyes from her, for sheer wonder and delight.

"Buy Max!"

"Body—artistic soul—and breeches," Whitaker affirmed confidently.

"Impossible!"

"You forget how well fixed I am. What's the use of my owning half the gold in New Guinea if it won't buy me what I already own by every moral and legal right?"

"He won't listen to you; you don't know Max."

"I'm willing to lay you a small bet that there will be no first performance at the Theater Max tomorrow night."

He was only vaguely conscious that Max, at length satisfied, uttered a word to that effect to an unseen electrician off to the left, and waving his hand with a gesture indelibly associated with his personality, dragged a light cane-seated chair to the left of the proscenium and sat himself down.

"All ready?" he demanded in a sharp and terrible voice.

The woman on the marble step nodded imperceptibly.

"Go ahead," snapped the manager.

An actor advanced from the wings, paused and addressed the seated woman. His lines were brief. She lifted her head with a startled air, listening. He ceased to speak, and her voice of golden velvet filled the house with the flowing beauty of its unforgettable sweet modulations. Beyond the footlights a handful of sophisticated and skeptical habitues of the theater forgave for the moment their ingrained incredulity and thrilled in sympathy with the wonderful rapture of that voice of eternal youth.

Whitaker himself for the time forgot that he was the husband of this woman and her lover; she moved before his vision in the guise of some divine creature, divinely unattainable, a dream woman divorced utterly from any semblance of reality.

That opening scene was one perhaps unique in the history of the stage. Composed by Max in some mad, poetical moment of inspired plagiarism, it not only owned a poignant and entrancing beauty of imagery, but it moved with an almost Greek certitude, with a significance extraordinarily direct and devoid of circumspection, seeming to lay bare the living tissue of human drama.

But with the appearance of other characters there came a change: the rare atmosphere of the opening began to dissipate perceptibly. The action clouded and grew vague. The auditors began to feel the flutterings of uncertainty in the air. Something was failing to cross the footlights. The sweeping and assured gesture of the accomplished playwright faltered: a clumsy fit of construction was damningly exposed; faults of characterization multiplied depressingly. Sara Law herself lost an indefinable proportion of her rare and provoking charm; the strangeness of failing to hold her audience in an ineluctable grasp seemed at once to nettle and distress her. Max himself seemed suddenly to wake to the amazing fact that there was something enormously and irredeemably wrong; he began with exasperating frequency to halt the action, to interrupt scenes with advice and demands for repetition. He found it impossible to be still, to keep his seat or control his rasping, irritable voice. Subordinate characters on the stage lost their heads and either forgot to act or overacted. And then—intolerable climax!—of a sudden somebody in the orchestra chairs laughed in outright derision to the woman—"is exorcised—banished—proscribed!"

"Then I am very glad," he said, smiling at the delicate color that enhanced her exquisite beauty as she made the confession. "I had hoped as much."

He looked from the one to the other. "You have made up your minds?"

The wife answered for both: "It is settled, dear friend; I can struggle no longer. I thought myself a strong woman; I have tried to believe myself a genius bound upon the wheel of an ill-starred destiny; but I find I am"—the glorious voice trembled slightly—"only a woman in love and no stronger than her love."

"I am very glad," Ember repeated, "for both your sakes. It's a happy consummation of my dearest wishes."

"We owe you everything," Whitaker said with feeling, dropping an awkward hand on the other's shoulder. "It was you who threw us together, down there on the Great West bay, so that we learned to know one another"

"I plead guilty to that little plot—yes," Ember laughed. "But, best of all, this comes at just the right time—the rightest time, when there can no longer be any doubts or questions or misunderstandings, no ground for further fears and apprehensions, when 'the destroying angel' of your ill-starred destiny, my dear!" he turned to the woman—"is exorcised—banished—proscribed!"

"Max!" Whitaker struck in explosively.

"—is on his way to the police station, well guarded," Ember affirmed with a nod and a grim smile. "I have his confession, roughly jotted down, but signed, and attested by several witnesses. . . . I'm glad you were out of the way; it was rather a painful scene, and disorderly; it wouldn't have been pleasant for Mrs. Whitaker. . . . We had the deuce of a time clearing the theater: human curiosity is a tremendously persistent and resistant force. And then I had some trouble dealing with the misplaced loyalty of the staff of the house. . . . However, eventually I got Max to myself—alone, that is, with several men I could depend on. And then I heartily put him through the third degree—foretelling my friends, the police. By dint of asserting as truths and personal discoveries what I merely suspected, I broke down his defenses. He owned up, doggedly enough, and yet with that singular pride which I have learned to associate with some phases of human nature. . . . I won't distress you with details; the truth is that Max was quite mad on the subject of his luck; he considered it, as I suspected, indissolubly associated with Sara Law. When poor Custer committed suicide, he saved Max from ruin and innocently showed him the way to save himself thereafter, when he felt in peril, by assassinating Hamilton and, later, Thurston. Drummond only cheated a like fate, and you?"—turning to Whitaker—"escaped by the narrowest shave. Max hadn't meant to run the risk of putting you out of the way unless he thought it absolutely necessary, but the failure of his silly plan in rehearsal tonight, coupled with the discovery that you were in the theater, drove him temporarily insane with hate, chagrin and jealousy."

So quickly was this startling change consummated that Whitaker had no more than time to realize the reappearance of the manager before he caught his wrathful and venomous glance fixed to his own bewildered face. And something in the light that flickered wildly behind Max's eyes reminded him so strongly of a similar expression he had remarked in the eyes of Drummond, the night the latter had been captured by Ember and Sun Fat, to alarum be half rose from his seat.

Simultaneously he saw Max spring toward the box, with a distorted and snarling countenance. He was tugging at something in his pocket. It appeared in the shape of a heavy pistol.

Instantly Whitaker was caught and tripped by Ember and sent sprawling on the floor of the box. As this happened, he heard the voice of the manager, sharp and vicious—a single reprobate.

Concluding, Ember rose. "I must follow him now to the police station. . . . I shall see you both soon again!"

The woman gave him both her hands. "There's no way to thank you," she said—"our dear, dear friend!"

"No way," Whitaker echoed regretfully.

"No way?" Ember laughed quietly, holding her hands tightly clasped.

"But I see you together—happy—Oh, believe me, I am fully thanked!"

Bowing, he touched his lips gently to both hands, released them with a little sigh that ended in a contented chuckle, exchanged a short, firm grasp with Whitaker, and left them.

Whitaker, following almost immediately to the gangway, found Ember had already left the theater.

For some minutes he wandered and and again on the borders of the deserted stage. There were but few of the house staff visible, and those few were methodically busy with preparations to close up. Beyond the dismal gutter of the footlights the auditorium yawned cavernous and shadowy, peopled only by rows of chairs ghostly in their dust-clothes. The street entrances were already closed, locked and dark. On the stage a single cluster of electric bulbs made visible the vast, gloomy dome of the flies and the whitewashed walls against

"that you, old man! Come right in!"

Nodding to the maid, Ember thrust aside the portieres and stepped into the brightly lighted dressing room, then paused, bowing and smiling his self-contained, tolerant smile; in appearance as imperturbable and well-grounded as though he had just escaped from the attentions of a valet, rather than from a furious hand-to-hand tussle with a vicious monomaniac.

Mary Whitaker, as yet a little piteous and distract, still in costume, was reclining on a chaise-longue. Whitaker was standing close beside his wife; his face the theater of conflicting emotions; Ember, at least, thought with a shrewd glance to recognize a pulsating light of joy beneath a mask of interest and distress and a dash of embarrassment.

"I am introducing?" he suggested gravely, with a slight turn as if offering to withdraw.

"No."

The word faltering on the lips of Mary Whitaker was lost in an emblematic iteration by Whitaker.

"Sit down!" he insisted. "As if we'd let you escape now, after you'd kept us here in suspense!"

He offered a chair, but Ember first advanced to take the hand held out to him by the woman on the chaise-longue.

"You are feeling—more composed?" he inquired.

Her gaze met his bravely. "I am—troubled, perhaps—but happy," she said.

"Then I am very glad," he said, smiling at the delicate color that enhanced her exquisite beauty as she made the confession. "I had hoped as much."

He looked from the one to the other.

"You are feeling—more composed?" he inquired.

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A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION¹¹
WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night; and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidney and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or the faith, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in *New 50 Cent Bottles*, the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Send bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.
Dr. C. H. Kennedy Corporation, Ronkonkoma, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Magic Eye Salve for all Diseases of the Human Eyes of the best, etc.

FALL RIVER LINE.

for

New York

STEAMERS

COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

Leave Long wharf, Newport, 9:25 p.m., daily, New York 7:00 a.m. Meal service a la carte. Orchestra on each steamer.

Wickford Line

STEAMER GENERAL

Week Days.
Lev. Due Lev. Due
Newport, New York, New York, Newport
(Dwight) (G. C. Ter.) (O. Ter.) (Long whr.)
10:05 a.m. 4:15 p.m. 12:00 a.m. 7:20 a.m.
1:00 p.m. 7:15 p.m. 1:15 a.m. 12:05 noon.
1:00 p.m. 11:15 a.m. 1:15 p.m. 8:30 a.m.
1:00 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 8:30 a.m.
1:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 10:30 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

11:00 a.m. 4:00 p.m. 7:20 a.m. m.
a via New London (Norwich) Line.
a.m. New York Saturday night.

Tickets, etc., at City Ticket Office, 16
Franklin St., and at Wharf Office.
C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

New England Steamship Co.

New York, New Haven
& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through
service between all stations may be obtained
at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect September 28, 1916.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and
Boston week days, 6:00, 8:15, 11:05 a.m.
1:00, 3:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:05 p.m. Sunday—Leave
Newport 6:00, 7:00, 11:05 a.m., 1:00, 4:05,
5:05, 7:10, 9:05 p.m.

Middleton and Portsmoth—6:05, 8:05,
11:05 a.m., 1:10, 3:05, 5:05, 9:05 p.m.

Tiverton—6:55, 8:15, 10, 11:05 a.m., 1:10, 4:15,
5:05, 7:10, 9:05 p.m.

Weymouth—11:05 a.m., 1:05 p.m.

Providence—11:05 a.m., 3:05 p.m.

New Bedford—6:55, 8:15, 9:10, 11:05 a.m., 1:10,
3:05, 6:05 p.m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6:55, 8:15, 9:10,
11:05 a.m., 1:10, 3:05, 7:10, 9:05 p.m.

Keep thoroughly and accurately
posted on your investments.

by reading the

BOSTON NEWS BUREAU

It circulates amongst the
Leading Investors of the Country

Write today for sample copy

Published morning and evening

Kilby St., Boston

—A
Reminder

When you give us an
order for Job Printing of
any kind you take absolutely
no chance of failure on our part.

We have samples of
all grades and sizes, and
you can see just what
you are going to get before a single type is put into a stick.

Jones—Does my daughter's piano
practice annoy you?

Neighbor—Oh, not at all. But tell me, what does she wear—mittens or

boxing gloves? Life.

A man ought never to quarrel with a woman. He should bear her more in silence.—Napoleon.

Rise a Little Higher.

Those who live on the mountains have a longer day than those who live in the valleys. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to rise a little higher.

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DEUTSCHLAND'S SECOND TRIP

Accomplished Without Meeting
Ships of the Enemy

TWENTY-ONE DAYS ON OCEAN

Joy on Board Mother Ship Willehad
When Koenig and His Crew Safely
Arrive at New London—Same Men,
With Two Exceptions, as Those
Who Made Previous Trip

New London, Nov. 2.—Safe from
Atlantic perils after buffeting in rough
October gales, the German submarine
freighter Deutschland is docked here.
Twenty-one days out from Bre-
men, she plowed through the Long
Island sound outer harbor with her
crew of twenty-five men happy and
healthy and her valuable cargo of rare
medicines and dyes intact.

On her trip of Twenty-one days to
this country, the Deutschland sub-
marmed only 120 miles—near the Eng-
lish coast. If the crew saw any British
or French warships on her trip, Captain
Koenig would not admit it. "At any rate, they didn't see us," he
is quoted as saying.

A Scott tug, bearing Captain
Binsch of the Deutsche Gruppe Il-
lerher, Deutschland owners, shouted
"Willkomen" to his friend, Koenig,
the smiling skipper. The tug cast
her line and she chugged triumphantly
into the inner harbor.

Health and customs officers waived
United States regulations on the word
of Koenig that the crew was healthy
and allowed her to pass quarantine
without waiting for dawn.

Up past sleepy Groton, opposite
New London, passing almost freight
ships, the Deutschland swooped jauntily
into the state pier, was fenced in
by a boarded screen, and transferred
her men to the North German
tug Willehad, alongside.

The Willehad had waited long for
the coming of a sub-sea freighter and
members of her crew were despondent
over unmistakable evidence that the
Bremen, another freighter, had per-
ished. So there was joy when Koenig
and his sturdy Germans set foot
aboard the "mother ship."

Lieutenant Krapohl and the re-
mainder of the crew of twenty-five—
except those busy with the rudgers
and complicated machinery below—
were lined up along the submarine
deck. In gray caps and gray sea
jackets they were picturesque be-
neath the flaring oil lamps of the tug.

They were the same men, with two
exceptions, as the crew that rode
into Baltimore previously. One or
the new adventurers was a lad ap-
parently not more than 15 years old.
The sleepy, ancient whaling town
was actually startled at the Deutsch-
land's arrival. Rumors followed
rumors about submarines, until stark
New London wearied of them and dis-
believed them. So there were only a
few stragglers to witness her com-
ing.

While here the Deutschland crew
will eat and sleep aboard the Wille-
had. She was well provisioned and
the men had fresh meat and vegeta-
bles—and a little beer—after living
on tinned meats, bread and vege-
tables.

Just the exact contents of the
Deutschland are not known, for the
manifest has not been made public,
but it is certain that there are jewels,
medicines of great scarcity in this
country, drugs, chemicals and dy-
stuffs of high value, besides stocks
and bonds. A conservative estimate
of the value is given as \$10,000,000.

Koenig had questions fired at him
with the rapidity of shots from a ma-
chine gun by the large squad of news-
papermen present. That he has a
keen sense of humor was evident to
all present, for he frequently laughs
at little jokes or asides he or other
members of the company make.

Koenig said that he feels sure that
the Bremen has gone to the bottom
through an accident of some kind—
possibly through hitting a mine. It
sailed Aug. 25, and had supplies for
a period of sixty days on board. He
believed that there is such a merchant
submarine as the Amerika.

It was Oct. 10 that Captain Koenig
and his crew set sail from Bremen.

U-53 ELUDES ENEMY

Submarine Which Visited Newport
Has Returned to Germany

Bremen, Nov. 1.—The German sub-
marine U-53 has returned safely to a
German port, according to official an-
nouncement.

The German submarine, in com-
mand of Lieutenant Captain Rose,
arrived at Newport, R. I., from Wil-
helmshaven on Oct. 1, and departed
after a stay of three hours. In the
course of the next day, the U-53 sank
two ships off the American coast.

Various reports have been current
regarding the submarine, and it was
uncertain whether the craft was re-
turning to Germany or had remained
on the American side of the Atlantic.
There were rumors also that she had
been both captured and sunk. A search
for American warships for a German
submarine supplying submarines proved
unsuccessful according to naval officers.

New Dimes in Circulation

Providence, Nov. 1.—The new
dimes, which have been
strikingly popular at the
time, were in full circu-
lation yesterday and were
widely used and well re-
ceived.

DISPUTE REVIVED BY MARINA CASE

Junction of Shipyards Right to Arm
Had Apparently Lapsed

Washington, Nov. 2.—Reopen-
ing of the dispute between this government
and Germany is certain if it is
proved the British steamer Marlin
was armed at the time she was sunk
by a German submarine, statements
of the victory Lansing indicated.

Whether or not men have the
right to arm for defense is still an
open question between this govern-
ment and Germany, Lansing admitted.
The question will be the principal
one if negotiations develop with
Germany over the death of six Americans
on board the vessel.

While this government has main-
tained the right of merchantmen to
arm for defense, Germany has never
admitted it. This government has
insisted that merchantmen may arm
with any guns of not more than six
inches in calibre. When discussion
of this point arose during the final
negotiations, the state department
showed the Marlin was un-
armed. Without a reversion by this
government from its position or no
admission by Germany that merchant-
men might arm, the question was
submitted to lapse.

WAR MATERIALS SEIZED

Several Arrests in Plot to Smuggle
Arms Into Mexico

Nogales, Ariz., Nov. 2.—Twelve
additional arrests have been made in
Tucson and two in Nogales in con-
nection with the alleged plot to smuggle
arms and ammunition into Sonora, Mex.

Eighteen rifles and 5000 rounds of
ammunition were discovered in a
Tucson cache and seized by federal
officials.

Special agents of the department
of justice before the United States
commissioner swore to complaints
against thirty persons.

PRICE OF RED SOX CLUB

One of New Owners Says It Was
More Than a Million Dollars

Boston, Nov. 2.—The price paid
for the Red Sox, champions of the
world, was "over \$1,000,000." This
statement was made by Harry H.
Frazee, one of the new owners of
the club. He added:

"I do not care to state the exact
price paid. We bought the real es-
tate and everything connected with
the club. That pushes the figure be-
yond the amount I mention."

Old Circuit Rider Dead

Indianapolis, Nov. 3.—Rev. John
Fox, 96, a circuit rider more than
sixty years ago, when, as a minister
of the Evangelical association, he
had twenty-three charges in south-
ern Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and
Ohio, died at his home here.

CONVICTED OF ARSON

Five Alleged Members of Boston
"Trust" Held in Heavy Ball

Boston, Nov. 3.—The widespread
crusade against the so-called "arson
trust," in which some ninety-two de-
fendants are involved, resulted late
yesterday in five more convictions.
In four cases nine defendants have
been found guilty.

After being out two hours and forty
minutes the jury in the case of Sil-
mon Levine and Samuel Lishner,
charged with being instigators, and
Israel Leventhal, Jacob Leventhal
and Jacob Smoller, accused of set-
ting fire to the building at 235-239
Dudley street on the night of Feb.
15, reported all guilty.

The defendants' faces plainly
showed surprise and chagrin. When
the jury reported on motion of Assistant
District Attorney Hall, the ball of
each of the five men was increased
\$2500, so that the bonds now range
from \$5000 to \$10,000 in each case.

The five men were taken to jail,
where Eddie Kandler, self-confessed
firebug, whose testimony is presumed
to have had much to do with their
conviction, has been confined since
his arrest in New York in June.

THEREK STILL AT LARGE

Absconding Bank Messenger and Ac-
complice Elude Police

Boston, Nov. 3.—Edward Therek,
bank robber and supposed tool of one
of the most skilled women criminal
leaders, is still being trailed to the
west. With his female accomplice,
he has eluded the traps set for him
in New York and Philadelphia, ac-
cording to detectives in pursuit.

In their flight the young couple are
making no efforts to convert further
checks or negotiable bonds stolen
from the Shawmut National bank into
ready cash.

Only the few checks cashed in Bos-
ton on the day that Therek, then a
trusted messenger of the institution,
disappeared with his batch of \$21,-
000 in cash and negotiable securities
and \$12,000 in checks have been re-
turned to the bank.

Virginia on Water Wagon

Richmond, Nov. 1.—In obedience
to the will of her doctors, as recently
expressed, the state of Virginia
has turned into the water wagon at mid-
night last night.

Tennis Shoemakers on Strike

Providence, Nov. 1.—Twelve
of the tennis shoemakers of the
National Tennis Association of
Providence, the National Tennis Re-
tailers, today struck for higher
wages.

FAIRFAX FORT IS EVACUATED

Germans Quit Vaux After Blow-
ing Up Portions of It

SCENE OF TERRIBLE FIGHTING

Lots of Life Runs Into Tens of Thou-
sands as Result of Storming For 200
Days of Ghastly Rock of Verdun De-
fense—Greece in Throes of Revolu-
tion of Large Proportions

London, Nov. 2.—Stormed at with
shot and shell and bayonet for 200
days, first by British and then by
French, Fort Vaux, one of the strong
points of the outer ring of Verdun
in defense, is now in the hands of the
French, who now hold all the famous
heights of the Meuse against which
the waves of Prussian infantry broke
in vain during the first onslaught of
the nine month battle of Verdun.

The crown prince, between February
and June, poured over German
life by the thousands on the
slopes of this position. After the loss
of Fort Douaumont in the early
phases of the great battle in this sector
Vaux was the chief rock of the French
defenses northeast of Verdun.
However fitful the German inva-
sion may have been at Flavigny, Hor-
bœuf and Dommartin, they pale into
insignificance when compared with
the awful butchery which marked
the fighting on the ground before
Vaux, which was covered with grim
heaps of massacred humanity.

The Germans evacuated Fort Vaux
during the night, says their official
report, without hindrance by the
French and after portions of the fort
had been blown up. The French con-
tinued to pour a heavy fire from their
guns on the fortification.

Rev. Robert Downing, pastor of the
Christian church, celebrated his birth-
day by entertaining the Community
club. Mr. Andrew Walker, president
of the Club, presented Mr. Downing
with a handsome Colonial clock, the
gift of the Club. Games were enjoyed
during the evening and refreshments
were served.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Manton Chase enter-
tained 25 children at their home on
Glen street. The house was prettily
decorated with flowers, crepe paper,
black cats and witches. Supper was
served and games were enjoyed by the
little folk.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Chase and
son of East Providence have been guests
of Mr. Chase's parents, Mr. and Mrs.
William H. Chase.

Mrs. Josephine Fluke, of the Prov-
idence Deaconess Home, spoke at the
Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday
morning.

Mr. Henry C. Anthony, Jr., enter-
tained a party of young people recently
in honor of his 21st birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Mott have
been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Ross
Woodbury of Boston.

Mr. William Henry Talmann is build-
ing a piece of stone road on Power
street.

Mr. William T. Talmann has been ill
at his home on Turnpike avenue.

There was a meeting in the interest
of temperance at the Town Hall recently.
Mr. Stewart Purcell sang, Miss
Finis Macomber acting as accompanist.
Six members of the Young People's
Branch Women's Christian Temperance
Union sang. Mrs. Rudie A. Greene intro-
duced Mrs. Anna Tillinghast of Beverly,
Mass., who gave a very interesting
address. Rev. Edward A. Kelsey,
Rev. Robert Downing and Rev. John F.
Lowden had a part in the exercises.

Mr. Louis R. Chase, son of Mr. and
Mrs. Constant Chase, who has been in
Crandon for eight or ten months, has
returned home.

The Ladies Aid of the Christian
Church will hold a Christmas sale and
supper December 7.

Mrs. Sarah C. Babcock, who had been
ill for the past three months, died Mon-
day at the home of her son Archibald in
Wakefield, with whom she had made
her home since the death of her hus-
band some years ago. She was born in
Portsmouth, the daughter of Benjamin
and Sarah A. Tallman and one of a
large family of children, only three of
whom survive, Mrs. Letitia Freeborn,
William T. and Frederick V. Tallman,
all of this town. Mrs. Babcock spent
all her early life here. She was twice
married, her first husband being Wm.
F. Fish and the second James Babcock.
After her second marriage she went to
Wakefield and had resided there since.
She is survived by one son and one
grandchild. She was much interested
and active in church work and for many
years was president of the Ladies' Aid
and Women's Christian Temperance
Union in Wakefield and a member of
several other church organizations.
She was a good neighbor and a friend
to all with whom she came in contact.
The funeral was held Wednesday from
her late home.

STRIKE VOTE DELAYED

Fall River Operatives May Reach
Agreement With Manufacturers

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 2.—Five
textile unions voted last night to ac-
cept the recommendations of the tex-
tile council that a vote on the ques-
tion of striking for an increase in
wages be postponed until Nov. 10.

This action was taken as a result
of an announcement by representa-
tives of the manufacturers that the
latter would be prepared to take up
the wage question on that date.

The spinners' union had voted to
strike next Monday, but as the other
unions expressed themselves in favor
of waiting for the action of the manu-
facturers, the spinners announced
that they would follow suit.

Help for Drowning of Twins

Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 21.—Albert
J. Talbot of Fall River, who rowed
the dory from which Eva and Delta
Kinz, 10-year-old twins, were
drowned, appeared in court here and
pleaded not guilty to charges of
drunkenness and criminal negligence.
He was held in \$1000 until Nov. 3.

From Comedy to Tragedy
Chicago, Oct. 31.—After fifty-five
years on the stage, Adolf Kappel, German
comedian, killed himself by gas after
complaining to friends that he was "growing too old to be funny."
He was 73 years old.

Liquor Barred From Mail

Washington, Oct. 30.—Warning to
postmasters that under no circum-
stances may intoxicating liquors be
accepted for transportation through
the mails was sent out from the post-
office department.

Mail Robber Gets Long Sentence

Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 3.—Bob
McKee, found guilty of complicity
in the robbery of a mail train at
Greenville, was sentenced to twenty-
five years in the Atlanta penitentiary.

Death of "Nick" Young

Washington, Nov. 1.—Nicholas J.
Young, 54, an old-time baseball play-
er and formerly president of the Na-
tional League, died at his home here.
He had been employed in the treas-
ury department for some time.

For Free Samples Address Postcard
"Cuticura Dept. N.Y. Boston, Mass."
Send in envelope and stamp.

PORSCHE

From our regular correspondents

Initiatives have been taken in
Italy and upper in behalf of the Repub-
lican national and state candidates to
be held in Eureka Hall Saturday even-
ing.

Mr. John F. Chase has been looking
over his house and has found a great
many articles have been taken in the
recent break there. Among the items

THIS BIRD LIVES ON FISH.

And He Doesn't Build a Nest, but Lives
In a Sand Tunnel.

The belted kingfisher has a great taste for fish. Every day is Friday with him, because no matter how hungry he gets, he will eat nothing except fish. Wherever there are creeks, rivers, ponds or lakes the kingfishers are to be found.

His principal business in life seems to be diving into the water for fish. From his perch on a dead branch or as he hovers over the water this unusual bird spits a small fish. With a swoop and a splash and a dive he goes into the water and is out as quickly with the fish firmly held in his stout beak. As he emerges from the water a quick shake of the body sends the water flying from his oily feathers, and he is dry in short order. The fish is tossed into the air, caught again in the beak and swallowed head first.

Unlike most other birds, the kingfisher does not build his nest in trees, but seeks a sand bank, in which he digs a tunnel several feet straight in. At the far end a little room is hollowed out, and there on the sand the glossy eggs are laid.

The belted kingfisher is recognized by his shiny crown and his breast band. The male has a blue-gray breast band, back and sides, while the female has chestnut colored sides and breast band in addition to a gray breast band.—*Encyclo.*

ONE WAY TO PAY.

How the Artist Raphael Settled His Bill at an Inn.

Raphael, the great Italian painter, whose celebrated Biblical pictures are worth fabulous sums of money, was not a rich man when young and encountered some of the vicissitudes of life like many another genius.

Once when traveling he put up at an inn and remained there, unable to get away through lack of funds to settle his bill. The landlord grew suspicious that such was the case, and his requests for a settlement grew more and more pressing. Finally young Raphael in desperation resorted to the following device:

He carefully painted upon a table top in his room a number of gold coins, and, placing the table in a certain light that gave a startling effect, he packed his few belongings and announced his host.

"There," he exclaimed, with a lordly wave of his hand toward the table, "is enough to settle my bill and more. Now kindly show the way to the door."

The innkeeper, with many smiles and bows, ushered his guest out and then hastened back to gather up his gold. His rage and consternation when he discovered the fraud know no bounds until a wealthy English traveler, recognizing the value of the art put in the work, gladly paid him \$800 for the table.—*Stray Stories.*

A Famous Welsh Fortress.

Carmarvon castle is the most splendid specimen of medieval military architecture surviving in Britain, not excepting Alnwick. Art and beauty were combined with strength by De Eifreton, the architect, who had been commanded to construct a palace within an impregnable fortress. Whether the mean little passage chamber in the Eagle tower was the birthplace of the infant prince whom Edward I. made the medium of such a grim practical joke upon the Welsh seems doubtful, but the main story may still be true. Every famous soldier who helped to make history in this corner of Britain has played some part within or without the walls of Carmarvon castle. It has been starved into surrender, but never captured by force of arms and can therefore claim to be considered a "virgin fortress."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Proverbs of the Highway.

Thank the Lord that most of the deep rivers to cross are those we see in dreams.

Don't want a world so bright that we won't enjoy the glory that's waiting for us hereafter.

We spend lots of time praying for Providence to help us, and it never occurs to us to surprise Providence by helping ourselves.

It's too great a compliment to trouble to be always hunting it—especially when you know the old fellow will come to you if you only wait for him.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Filling a Sack.

The clumsy performance of holding a sack and filling it at the same time can be simplified if the sack is hung in a barrel. Four curved nails are placed at equal distances in the rim, and the sack is suspended from these. When it is filled the sack can be easily removed.

Question of Credit.

"Do you think the world owes you a living?"

"Yes. But the world's like a bank. You've got to go to some trouble to get yourself identified as the person to whom the living is due."—*Washington Star.*

Like a Wet Blanket.

Hokus—never knew such a wet blanket as Flubhok. Pokus—That's right. If that fellow should jump from the frying pan into the fire he would put the fire out.

The Reason.

"That young fellow is always complaining he cannot find an opening."

"That is why he is always in the hole."—*Baltimore American.*

Give no reins to your inflamed passions. Take time and a little delay. Impetuosity manages all things badly.—*—Status.*

Smarty.

Wife (nibbling her pen)—Let's see, what is the term applied to one who signs another person's name to a check? Hub—Five or ten years usually.—*Boston Transcript.*

Who knows whether the gods will add tomorrow to the present hour? Hence.

Beau Brummel of Hawks.

He is the Beau Brummel of the North American hawks, among which he is conceded to be the handsomest as well as the smallest. He's the sparrow hawk and breeds throughout the United States, Canada and northern Mexico.

He stands around on telegraph poles displaying a slate and pepper vest, with a red and black long-tailed coat, and all the other hawks are envious of his appearance and smart togethers.

Few birds eat such a variety of food as the sparrow hawk, who is the true American falcon. Grashoppers, crickets, terrestrial beetles and caterpillars make up more than half his subsistence, while field mice, house mice and shrews cover 25 per cent of his annual supply. The balance of the food includes birds, reptiles and spiders.

In agricultural districts where new ground is being broken the sparrow hawk becomes quite tame, even alighting for a moment under the horses in his effort to seize a worm or an insect.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Bluecher in the Hospital.

At the time of the Seven Years' war there was very little knowledge of surgery, and the surgeons were often no more than barbers, inexperienced and uneducated. They were commonly known as the "Company of Pain," a name that fitted them admirably.

Lieutenant Bluecher, afterward the famous field marshal, says Taegliche Rundschau, was wounded in the foot by a musket ball. At the hospital to which he was carried several surgeons began to probe the wound and cut profusely in its vicinity. Finally Bluecher inquired, in spite of the pain: "What sort of tailoring are you trying to do? The wound is large enough already, I should think?"

"We're looking for the bullet," answered one of the offended surgeons. "Oh, oh!" cried Bluecher angrily. "Why didn't you tell me that before? I have it in my pocket." And with that he drew from his pocket the bullet, which he had extracted from the wound himself.

When Greek Meets Greek.

The middle aged American who was having his shoes polished looked down at the busy Greek lad who was bent on turning out a good job.

"Well, young man," he said, rather patronizingly, "I suppose you are learning to speak good English. By the by, how long have you been in this country?"

"About one year, meester," was the prompt reply. "You live here some time, I guess?"

"Oh," answered the other vaguely, with a mysterious smile. "I've been here over a year."

The young Greek regarded his customer with suspicion for a moment and, appearing to understand that he was being quizzed, said swiftly, with a dazzling smile: "Well, meester, I give you compliment. You speak very good language for so short while!"—*New York Post.*

Song Writers and the Bowery.

The Bowery in New York has produced some of the greatest American song makers. It was among the old Bowery habitués that Stephen C. Foster found the inspiration for "My Old Kentucky Home," "Darling Nellie Gray," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "The Old Folks at Home" and "Gentle Annie." And down the old Bowery Howard and Charles Graham often wandered while humming to themselves the initial strains of such songs as "My Dad's the Engineer," "A Picture That Is Turned Towards the Wall" and "Two Little Girls in Blue." But Foster and the Graham brothers, however, saw few of the golden nuggets that now gladden the hearts and eyes of song writers.—*American Magazine.*

Usually the Way.

Bagsaw—I might have told him that my reputation was as bad as his I'd be glad to lose it.

His Wife—I'm glad you didn't prolong the argument. You showed great self control in not doing so.

Bagsaw—It wasn't self control. I didn't think of it till after I got home.—*London Telegraph.*

There Are Some.

"I just adore western men," gushed the girl who had never been west of Hoboken. "You are all so big and bluff and hearty."

"Well, when it comes to that," replied the westerner. "I've seen some pretty big bluffs right here in New York city."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Wrong Beliefs.

Hosts of young men are reckless because they believe that by and by they can be what they will. Hosts of old men are hopeless because it seems impossible that they can ever be anything but what they are. Both are wrong.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Bad Subject, (Buyology).

Daughter—Father, can I take a post-graduate course in biology? Her Dad (doubtfully)—I don't know, daughter. I'm afraid you'll be wanting to buy too many things. Boston Transcript.

Your Fortune.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution—enjoy it when cool, have patience when bad and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.—*Rocheconcauld.*

Showing Himself.

"Jack must be out of debt."

"Why?"

"He's walking down the main street again."—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Happiness is generally a matter of taste, either of the past or the future.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Kokomo.

Kokomo, in the language of the Indians who at one time inhabited that section of Indiana, signifies "a young grandmother."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

LOST IN LOVE.

All Westers Were Alike to These Two Dreamers.

A Man and a Maid who walked along the garden paths were observed by the Moon, the Roses and the Night Wind.

"Here come two lovers," chuckled the Moon. "I will awoke my silver best for their sakes."

"Here come two lovers," murmured the Roses. "Let us send forth our sweet perfume to greet them."

"Here come two lovers," sighed the Night Wind. "I will whisper to them of the magic that lies in a summer night."

But the Moon suddenly blotted the smile from his face, "We will not trouble ourselves," he declared. "These lovers are the same two who walked the garden paths but yesternight. And for all we did our best to please them, what did they in return? They spoke no word of my beauty — either of them."

"And they never noticed us," complained the Roses.

"I remember them well," sniffed the Night Wind. "They only said, 'It is a beautiful evening!' and gave us no credit at all. Let us do all we can to punish them."

So the Moon hid behind the darkest cloud he could find. And the Roses withheld their perfume. And the Night Wind turned chill and rustled the dry leaves dismally, and even succeeded in finding a few stray raindrops and flinging them in a dark, grayish mist across the garden paths.

"It's a beautiful evening," said the two lovers.—*Ellen Randall Pearce in Life.*

MEXICO HAS HER BASTILLE.

The Building Where the First Blow For Liberty Was Struck.

The Alhondiga de Granaditas (pri-
on) in Guanajuato is one of the most historic buildings in the Mexican re-
public and will always be remembered

not as a storehouse of grain, not as a prison, which it now is, but as the place where the first blow was struck for the liberation of Mexico from Spanish rule.

Quadrangular in shape, with a central patio, a row of small Moorish windows near the top, the lower floor Tuscan, the upper Doric, the building has no architectural beauty.

At each corner is a large hook, from which in the days of the struggle for independence were hung four iron cages containing the heads of the great liberators—the patriot priest, Hidalgo; his military chief, Allende, and his comrades, Aldama and Jimenez. Here they hung for years until removed by a worshiping nation to the altar of kings in the cathedral of the City of Mexico.

After the Grito de Dolores and the first ringing of the bell of independence Hidalgo and his followers moved on to Guanajuato, stormed the improvised fort of Alhondiga and killed all the Spanish troops that had taken refuge there. This was the beginning of the eleven years' war of independence.—*Frank H. Probert in National Geographic Magazine.*

A Post Who Dared Fire.

Thomas Gray, author of the "Elegy," had a weakness in the form of a nervous dread of fire. His chamber at St. Peter's college, Cambridge, being on the second floor, he thought it likely that in case of a fire his exit by the stairs might be cut off. He therefore caused an iron bar to be fixed by arms projecting from the outside of his window, designating by a rope attached thereto to descend in the event of a fire occurring. This excessive caution led to practical joke by his fellows. One midnight a party of students thundered at his door with loud cries of "Fire, fire!" The nervous poet flew to his window and slid down the rope to the ground, where he was hailed with shouts of laughter. Gray's delicate nature was so shocked by this rough joke that he changed his lodgings.

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Forty bushels an acre," replied Bagg. "Why, that land would produce forty bushels an acre if it was never planted."—*New York Times.*

Years of Discretion.

Bobby—Father, what does it mean when it says that a man has arrived at years of discretion? Father—It means, Robby, that he's too young to decide that exactly any garment that has to be mended can be matched much better after dyeing."—*New York Sun.*

Fertility.

"So you think that this land would produce forty bushels of corn to the acre?" asked the newcomer of Farmer Bagg.

"Forty bushels an acre," replied Bagg. "Why, that land would produce forty bushels an acre if it was never planted."—*New York Times.*

Sheep.

Sheep spend more time grazing than do cattle and horses and will eat for twelve hours out of twenty-four.

Stiff Shoes.

Rub stiff leather shoes with a piece of camphor dipped in vaseline to make them soft and pliable.

+

+ PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT. +

+

Brace Up.

If you want to strengthen body and mind, brace up.

If you want to get good health and keep good health, brace up.

You who sit all day in one position, square your shoulders and brace up.

The "consumptive stoop" does not make for health. Square up.

The slouch, the sag, the droop, the slump are poor guarantees of fitness.

They endanger your health and your job. Brace up.

Don't bow your back and round your shoulders as if the burdens of life were too heavy. All loads will be lighter if you brace up.

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Sorrow.

Sorrow is not an incident occurring now and then. It is the wool which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sensations of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain is yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Garrison.

Sample.

"He didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was attached to him.

"I gave him a piece of my mind."

"My mother.

"That little sample of married life,"

replied father.—Cleveland Leader.

Power of Love.

"As long as we love we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would say we are indispensable. No man is useless while he has a friend."

—Acaus Thing!

"I think—See my new engagement ring. Don't you think my dance partner has taste? Miss Royal—

"I like the selection of the ring!"

"I like more and better things than your heart than by

the world."

SEWARD RUSHED THE JOB.

When the Treaty for the Purchase of Alaska Was Pending.

Here is a fragment of Frederick W. Seward's story of his father's purchase of Alaska from Russia for the United States in 1867, as told in "Recollections of a War-time Statesman and Diplomat."

On the evening of Friday, March 23, Seward was playing whist in his parlor with some of his family, when the Russian minister was announced.

"I have a digit in Mr. Seward, from my government by cable. The emperor gives his consent to the cession. Tomorrow, if you like, I will come to the department and we can enter upon the treaty."

Seward, with a smile of satisfaction, pushed away the whist table, saying: "Why wait till tomorrow, Mr. Stockell? Let us make the treaty to-night!"

"But your department is closed. You have no clerks, and my secretaries are scattered about the town."

"Never mind that," responded Seward. "If you can muster your legation together before midnight you will find me awaiting you at the department, which will be open and ready for business."

In less than two hours afterward light was streaming out of the windows of the department of state, and apparently business was going on as at midday. By 4 o'clock on Saturday morning the treaty was engrossed, signed, sealed and ready for transmission by the president to the senate.

There was need of this haste in order to have it voted upon before the end of the session, now near at hand.

HIS ODD YACHTING COSTUME.

It Made General Paine Conspicuous in the America's Cup Races.

General Charles J. Paine was in his day a unique figure in the yachting world. While in no way eccentric, he had one little peculiarity that, I am sure, all the older yachtsmen will recall. This was his habit of wearing a white shirt and a pair of blushing red suspenders when sailing his yacht, his head being covered with a straw hat. By this radical departure from the orthodox costume he was easily made the most conspicuous figure around the tiller of his boat in every important match in which he sailed.

His most active yachting period was from 1877 to 1883, during which period he was three times the leading man in the syndicates formed to build respectively the Puritan, the Mayflower and the Volunteer, each a successful defender of the America's cup against the English challengers.

Always a daring yachtsman in so far as taking up with what were looked upon as novelties, he did not hesitate in the case of the Puritan to accept the designs of Edward Burgess, even though they called for a marked change from the old fashioned American sloop in that the keel was an oak stick fifty-six feet long and twenty-six inches square, to which was attached the lead keel of forty-five feet.

In 1883 he was interested in the unlucky but speedy Jubilee. When she was outclassed by the Vigilant he lost his dominating interest in yachting—Spur.

Blow the Steam Aside.

The wise woman sent a sudden vigorous puff of breath at the jet of steam rising from the copper teakettle she was tilling, repeated it hastily as she filled the blue teapot and set the kettle back on the stove with a nod of triumph. "That trick has saved me many a scalded hand," she asserted. "Whether I read it or was told it I am not sure, but until I tried it I was always getting those painful little burns. Steam is so easily blown aside if you have the presence of mind to remember that you can easily keep it from reaching your hand until you can set down the kettle or pot. Don't forget it next time the old slips or the steam comes unexpectedly from the kettle spout. You will bless me for the hint!"—New York Tribune.

Awful

City Scout—I once knew a man who was turned into wood, Country Scout—Nonsense! City Scout—Not at all. He was taken on a vessel, and then he was aboard. Country Scout—That's odd. I knew a boy who was dumb for years and then gained speech in a minute. City Scout—How did he do it? Country Scout—He went into a cycle shop and picked up a wheel and spoke.—Exchange.

Bad For Herbert.

"So," said the smitten girl, whose father had been talking seriously to her, "you dislike Herbert, and you will not recognize him?"

"That's it," he replied. "If he doesn't keep away from here I won't recognize him, and neither will his own mother!"—London Answers.

Trotting Bullocks.

South India has some of the famous little trotting bullocks, "gallows," a breed unsurpassed for swiftness, but quite small. Some of these animals, even when full grown, are no bigger than a large dog. They are much used in light carts.

Conversation.

Never hold any one by the button or hand in order to be heard out, for if people are unwilling to hear you you had better hold your tongue than them.—Chesterfield.

Map.

Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the renowned discoverer, introduced maps into England in 1490.

My liberty leaves off where the rights of another begin.—Victor Hugo

Solved at Last.

This is about the worst dinner I ever sat down to," he said as he surveyed the table. "I s'pose I ought to be satisfied with all sandwiches."

"Yes, I s'pose his wife, 'if you would make certain allowances you would have no occasion to find fault with your food!"—London Times.

Keen Sight of the Gull.

There is perhaps no other bird of land or sea so keen of sight as the common gull. To convince a skeptical friend of this an American naturalist once made some interesting experiments. Two men were passengers on a steamer making twenty miles an hour. A dozen gulls followed them in the steamer's wake without apparent effort and circled in graceful curves over the water. Breaking a cracker biscuit into four parts, less than an inch square each, the naturalist handed one piece to his friend and told him to drop it into the seething waters on the starboard.

Immediately the bit of biscuit became invisible to human eyes, and yet before it had gone thirty yards astern a gull detected it and, dipping into the foam, secured it. One by one it picked up the other bits of biscuit, though neither of the two men could see them. Tearing off a postage stamp from an old envelope the naturalist dropped it overboard. The gull detected the waft and made as if to pick it up. But when within a yard or so of it the bird saw that it was nothing but his food and dived upward again to his favorite station on a line with the topmost truck.

A Moneyless Man.

A man without money is a body with a soul, a walking death, a specter that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak he is interrupted every moment so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which is fettered by and with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease and is regarded as an incubus to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to bed at night. The public discover that he is an awkward nobody, landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants anything from a tradesman he is asked for cash before delivery.—Bruno's Weekly.

Genius and Mediocrity.

Cornelius did not speak correctly the language of which he was such a master. Descartes was silent in mixed society. Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village into a great city." Addison was unable to converse in company. Vergil was heavy and stupid when surrounded by men. The Countess of Pembroke had been often heard to say of Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. Socrates, celebrated for his written orations, was so blind that he never ventured to speak in public. Hence it has been remarked, "Mediocrity can talk; it is for genius to observe."

The Louis Styles.

It was the French King Louis XI. who invented gold lace, and it was Louis XIV. who ordered all the silk upholsteries of the palace done in white with figures of gold and blue and a touch of red. The Louis styles are named after him, and all the French kings of the name of Louis have had their names brought down to posterity through the invention of some article of dress, whether it be a Louis Quinze heel or a Louis Seize coat, while to Louis Quatorze belongs the honor of a cuff and a hat.—London Telegraph.

High Tributes.

"Don't you think Miss Sweeting's complexion is perfectly lovely?" inquired the infatuated youth.

"I do, indeed," replied the cynical young woman. "In fact, I have told her several times that that abode harmonizes best with the present color of her hair!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Falling Leaves.

When leaves fall they are actually cut off from the stems by a layer of cork that forms across the base of their stalks. No nourishment is left in the dead leaf, but only the waste products of vitality, of which the tree is well rid.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Acute Rheumatism.

The remedies of most avail in acute muscular rheumatism, according to Dr. William Pitch Cheney of Stanford University, is an address reported in the New York Medical Journal, are:

First—Rest. Nature usually

enforces this method of management if the attack is sufficiently acute.

Second—Heat. Heat is always

grateful and gives relief. It may be applied in a variety of ways.

Third—Purgation. It may be admitted that there is no scientific reason why purgation should aid, but the fact remains that it does.

Fourth—Salicylates. They do mitigate the pain, and they are trustworthy agents to use after the initial purgation.

Fifth—Opiates. Ordinarily all opiates are out of place because they have in general bad effects that outweigh the good. Externally the old established lead and opium wash, applied hot, is a most valuable aid in removing pain.

Massage, vibratory treatment,

hydrotherapy and counterirritation also have some value.

Reported.

He (during the spat)—Well, if you want to know it, I married you for money. She—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.—Ex-charge.

Solved at Last.

He (during the spat)—Well, if you

want to know it, I married you for

money. She—I wish I could tell as

easily what I married you for.—Ex-

charge.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

REFUSED TO OBEY.

Major Butler Carried His Obstinate Right into His Coffin.

An amusing incident of camp life in Revolutionary days is related by the author of "Romance and Realism in the Southern Coast."

In 1783 the army United States troops that came down the Mississippi were quartered at Fort Adams. General Wilkinson, by some accident, got his cue burned off. Angry at the laugh which followed his mishap, he next day issued an order forbidding any officer to appear with a cue, instead of orders, all the officers but Major Butler left their cues.

"The valn old pug," said the major, "I'll see him hanged before I cut off my cue to gratify him!" And he held it up without changing the style of his hatted dressing.

The major was put under arrest, but he declared obstinately that he would spend the rest of his life in prison before he would comply with such a silly command. Soon afterward he was taken to very ill, and, realizing that he was at the point of death, he gave instructions for his burial, which he knew would be witnessed by the whole command.

"Bore a hole," said he, "through the bottom of my coffin, right under my head, and let my eye come through it, that the old general may see that even when I die I refuse to obey his order."

And these directions were literally carried out.

CHINESE SOLDIERS.

They Are Regarded With Aversion by Their Own Countrymen.

The well known abhorrence of even contempt for, soldiers common to the industrial masses of China, in town as in country, is based on their experience that the soldier is a boaster most of the time and a terror to his country when war is in the air. They have not glorified valor or quite grasped the beauty, not to say the duty, of dying for one's country, although when they do fight they face death with a great indifference.

Discussing this phase of the Chinese character, Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese writer, says in the course of a recent article:

"The Chinese hatred of soldiery business or the encouragement of effeminate insolence is well explained in a famous ballad written by Po Chai, called 'The Arm Broken Old Man.' This old man was not infirm until he received in his youth an order to become a soldier and intentionally broke his arm in order to be excused from such duty. Although his arm pained badly on a cold or rainy day, he was glad to be thankful for it, for, while his friends had been killed in the battlefield, he alone could enjoy a long life."

"What a different sentiment from that of us Japanese, whose loyalty to the flag and the imperial house is taught to begin with the delighting of our own lives!"—East and West News.

Two Vis

